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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL

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FEBRUARY 4, 1909

"Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday."—Emerson.

CENTRE OF VISION

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"He that rises late must trot all day."—*Ben Franklin.*

Concerning Aunt Harriet

By Elisabeth B. Warren

We were spending the winter with Grandma Lee and Aunt Harriet. Aunt Harriet is father's only sister, and a perfect dear. Although she is unmarried, I have pictured her as the heroine of many imaginary romances, for somehow I have always felt she did not remain single wholly on account of grandma.

I had been inconsiderate enough to take the mumps, or, rather, mumps was inconsiderate in taking me, for I was not at all a meek victim. It was during my recovery that auntie gave me, as a last resource in the way of entertainment, her diary. Mumps were speedily forgotten in the delight of knowing Aunt Harriet as a girl.

It was among the entries of the summer of 189—, when Aunt Harriet was eighteen, that I came to this account of a visit at her Aunt Martha's in the capital of a certain state. As I have changed all the names, I am sure she will not object to my giving you those entries just as they stood, so here they are:—

"Monday, August 20. Arrived at Aunt Martha's just in time for dinner, after which I went out into the garden to get a whiff of the breeze from the river. I was sitting there waiting for Aunt Martha to join me, when I heard her calling, and returned to the house to find she wanted me to meet some friends of hers, General Putnam and his wife. I liked them both very much. General Putnam has lately been made inspector-general. I do not know exactly what that is, but I know it gives him a place on the governor's staff, and some duty connected with the state regiments, which are holding their annual muster now. He told me some very interesting things about the muster and invited me, with Aunt Martha, to visit camp and attend dress parade to-morrow afternoon. I was delighted when Aunt Martha accepted for us both, and I do hope it is going to be pleasant so I can wear my new linen suit. ('Why, Aunt Harriet!')

"Tuesday, August 21. It has been a perfect day, and I have had such a good time! I won't write much about this morning, for about all I did was go to ride, but this afternoon about three we started for the muster field. When we got there, General and Mrs. Putnam came across from headquarters to meet us. 'Headquarters,' in contrast to the tents, consists of a row of little wooden buildings facing up to a long,

"It's poor business looking at the sun with a cloudy face."

low platform. There we joined several officers and 'town girls,' some of whom I met. The officers were all good looking, or at least, their uniforms made them seem so. I like the appearance of the tallest one, a Captain Randall, the best, I think. I remember him especially because he is a real captain in the regular army of the United States, sent here to train the regiment in military tactics. One is sent every year for that purpose. He is about---well, I don't know exactly how old. He looks very young to be so important a person, but of course he cannot be to hold his position, though I heard General Putnam say he was the youngest captain in the service. We talked a while in a group, then Captain Randall, leaving to attend to some one of his various duties, broke up the party. He promised to join us again at dress parade. Then the general offered to show us the camp if we would go with him on his round of inspection. It was such fun for me, for I had never seen anything like it before! As we crossed the guard line in front of headquarters, the sentry held his gun in front of him and turned his back to us. I was so surprised at such an unexpected performance on his part that I nearly laughed outright. I soon learned however, when all the sentries behaved likewise on our appearance, that it was a sort of courtesy due the general, and a queer little feeling of pride came over me when we passed the 'guard house' and the whole guard therein—about sixteen of them—'turned out' and stood at 'present arms,' or something of the sort, until we had passed. We walked up and down the company streets, called on the colonel, and stepped inside one of the round tents, which accommodate about ten privates. They sleep on mattresses on the ground, placed like the spokes of a wheel, with their feet toward the centre. The tent seemed unoccupied when we entered, but we soon discovered an occupant stretched out sound asleep on one of the mats. 'Probably on guard duty last night,' said the general, and we spoke low not to disturb him, but in taking down a knapsack to show us, the general dislodged a gun from the stack, and it fell to the ground with a clash. The private awoke, blinked, started to his feet, and saluted—just about the most astounded and embarrassed individual you ever saw. When we reached headquarters it was time for dress parade. Captain Randall joined us at once, and, much to my surprise, took a seat beside me. I felt flattered, until coming home Aunt Martha said he probably wouldn't have if Miss Rich had been there.

"Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both."
—*Ben Franklin.*

He made me feel as if I was the most interesting and altogether charming person he had ever met, but then, I suppose that is the way with army men. Aunt Martha says so. I suppose his seeming sincere is no indication. Captain Randall said that on account of the preparation for to-morrow, governor's day, there would be no review to speak of, so we might as well stay where we were. The lowering of the flag in front of headquarters was a very impressive and solemn service. Just as the sun sank below the horizon a cannon shot boomed across the field, the regiment band struck up 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' all rose and silently watched with bared heads the great flag as it was lowered little by little, and finally gathered reverently and lovingly into the arms of the two soldiers waiting to receive it. Aunt Martha refused to stay to the band concert afterwards, but she promised to go up early to-morrow in time to see the governor received at the grounds.

"Wednesday, August 22. Oh! how can I ever write down all I have seen and done to-day! To begin with, it's long after twelve, so I must not write but the barest outline. When we reached the grounds there were already hundreds of people there, it seemed, all in gala attire, making the place look as if there was a huge lawn party in progress. Seats had been saved for us in front of the general's quarters, but the general and Captain Randall had gone to escort the governor to the grounds. The sun was blazing its brightest, when the procession, headed by the governor and his staff, appeared over the brow of the hill. They were all mounted and all, save His Excellency, in full uniform, making a very splendid appearance. Captain Randall, sitting his horse as if he grew there, was in sharp contrast to the poor, stout, little governor, who looked as if he expected to disgrace himself any minute by rolling off. He managed to stick on, however, until the grand review was over and he could dismount. After the review all sorts of races and 'stunts' took place in front of headquarters. It was all interesting, of course, but the poor things looked so hot, I was glad for their sakes when it was over. Captain Randall could snatch only a minute from duty to speak to us. To my delight, an invitation came for Aunt Martha and me, as especial friends of General Putnam, to attend the officers' ball in the evening. Aunt Martha declined for herself, but said I might go with General and Mrs. Putnam. I could have hugged Aunt Martha for that if it had not looked so uncompromising a job. I missed dress parade to go home and get ready. The general's carriage called

for me at eight and whirled me away to the most dazzlingly glorious time I ever had. I was the youngest there. They were mostly officers and their wives, except Miss Rich and her set. With the elaborate costumes of the ladies and the uniforms of the men, the hall was a gay sight to look upon. The officers were still in the blue, which looked very different from the comfortable khaki of every day. It was very warm, and they looked as if they would have much preferred the khaki. I had the first dance with the captain of Company K. Captain Randall did not arrive until after the first. When he did come he made a distinct sensation. His figure, his bearing, his whole appearance was more striking than on the field, even, for he wore a uniform all white, with the emblems in gold. Though he seemed unconscious of the fact, there were many looks, envious and otherwise, cast in his direction, especially from the officers in the sweltering blue broadcloth. I had every dance taken. Captain Randall did not come to me until almost the last of the ladies, but I did not care so much when he asked for the intermission dance and wanted the last. Mrs. Putnam told him we were going soon after intermission, so he took the next but one after. All my partners were fine dancers and very pleasant, all of them, but I enjoyed the intermission dance, which was a waltz, best of all. After the dance we went out on a little balcony overlooking the river. It was cool and quiet out there, for we were alone except for one couple, Miss Rich and her partner, who came out after us and sat at the other end. I do not need to write down what we talked about or what he said, for I shall never forget, anyhow. We sat out part of his second dance, for it was very warm, and then he stayed out the next one to see us into our carriage, though the general thought he was doing that. He is certainly the politest man I ever knew, and the nicest. We are going up to dress parade to-morrow and stay to officers' mess and the band concert.

"Thursday, August 23. We got up to the grounds to-day a little after three. It was a perfect afternoon, so there were almost as many people in front of headquarters as on yesterday. Captain Randall was talking to a group of visitors when we arrived, but he excused himself to come and meet us. We talked in front of his quarters until it was nearly time for the review before dress parade. Then the party broke up. General Putnam suggested that we go out on the parade ground, where we could get a better view of the manoeuvres. Accordingly, he

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."—*Shakespeare.*

led the way, with his wife and Aunt Martha, who had just bethought herself of her 'wrap,' and sent me back after it. Armed with the 'wrap,' I was hurrying across the field to catch up with them, when I heard some one call my name, and looking around, saw Captain Randall actually coming to join me, and leaving a whole row of fascinating damsels behind him. We talked, of course, and I do not think we walked very slow, but for a little while I forgot all about Aunt Martha, until I was forcibly reminded of her presence by a stern look in my direction and a remark about 'catching her death of cold.' But Captain Randall appeased her wrath by placing the cloak over her shoulders in his most chivalrous manner. Miss Rich drove up in her carriage just then, and Captain Randall excused himself to speak with her. He was immediately surrounded by a bevy of her friends. Aunt Martha seemed to think he had gone for good, but, contrary to her expectations, he soon came back, looking frankly thankful for his escape. We had just gotten comfortably seated on camp stools, when away across the field in front of us we saw the long, blue line issuing from the rows of tents, headed by the regiment band. They marched several times up and down the field, going through various manoeuvres. The colonel on his handsome chestnut near us first gave the commands, which were repeated by an under officer to the captains of the companies, who in turn passed them down the line. We were facing the west, and soon the sun neared the horizon. Its level rays touched the tips of the white tents in the distance, and now and then flashed on the hilt of a sword of one of the mounted officers who stood out in silhouette against the sunset. The long shadows crept across the field. The clear call of a bugle rang out on the still air, and the great line wheeled, facing us, to hear the naming of the officer for the following day. A short silence followed, broken by the sunset cannon, then the distant sound of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' At the first strain captain and general turned to images of stone, standing with reverently-bared heads while the flag was slowly lowered and gathered in. After mess, at which we were the guests of the officers, we grouped ourselves in front of headquarters, and soon the band appeared, heralded by moving lanterns, which were stuck on sticks in the ground. Sousa's best performance was never received with keener enjoyment than that concert by the regiment band. Between pieces lighted cigar tips flitted about like fireflies in the darkness, and

laughing voices and snatches of song came to us in our cozy corner. Captain Randall, who was sitting with our party, left us for a moment, and soon returned with his great army cape, which he threw over my shoulders. My 'foolishness in forgetting to bring a coat with a thin muslin dress' seemed to trouble Aunt Martha a good deal, but it did not disturb me, for a military cape is better than a coat any day, and not nearly so common. The carriage came for us much too soon. Aunt Martha told them we would not be up to-morrow. Oh, dear! do you suppose she means it? I am afraid she does, for she talked all coming home about the 'inadvisability of this and that'—subjecting young minds to flattery mostly.

"Friday, August 24. Such a horrid, poky morning! It rained until way into the afternoon. Aunt Martha stuck to her decision, and I must abide thereto. About five she discovered she must send a very important letter. James was nowhere to be seen, so as it had cleared, I was sent to the post-office with it. I mailed the letter, and was leaving the office, thinking just how that row of white tents was looking against the sunset sky—and all the rest, when I looked up, and was so surprised my heart thumped awfully, for there was Captain Randall! I said something stupid about thinking he was watching dress parade, and he made some equally silly remark about not caring for it under the circumstances. Then he asked if he might walk along with me, as he was going in my direction. If he was conspicuous on the field among those of his kind, what was he on the street! I felt myself get redder and redder, but soon somehow I forgot the street and everything, for he was telling me about West Point, his life there, little incidents of his military career, and voyages he had been on. I talked, too, as if I had always known him, for it seems as if I had. As I neared the corner by Aunt Martha's, it suddenly came over me what she would say should he go to the very door with me. 'I go down this street, good-by,' I suddenly flung out, and turned so quickly he could not but stare after me. I allowed myself one look back when I thought he had turned and walked on, but he was standing where I had left him, with his cap raised above his head, as if he had forgotten to replace it. When I reached home to-night the house was in a state of upheaval. Aunt Martha suddenly decided to go to her Island cottage to-morrow! We are to take the boat at nine in the morning! That is like Aunt Martha! The regiment

"Growing thought makes growing revelations."—*Eliot.*

breaks camp to-morrow. There could be but one more day, anyway, but—oh, to have that one!

"Saturday, August 25, 9.45 A. M. We are on the boat, bound for the Island. My mind has been in a turmoil since last night. Until we came aboard I did not have a minute to think, and now I wish I could do anything else but think. Something inside me keeps saying, 'Is this the end?' and then I feel—can it be that——"

The next page had been cut out of the diary. I closed the book softly and thought a minute. Why, could it be that—I had found the reason? I looked across to where Aunt Harriet was working on a bit of dainty embroidery. There was something I did not quite understand. Did I dare ask?

"Aunt Harriet, what became of this Captain Randall?"

I thought the slim hands trembled a little and the sweet face bent a little lower, but the soft voice answered calmly: "He was killed in the Spanish war, dearie."

My Friend

I fain would call him friend of mine
  Who comes and seeks me in my den,
Whose cheerful words and ready smile
  Renew my faith in fellow-men.

My friend is he whose helping hand
  Grips mine with willing aid, if I should fall;
Who when himself in need calls for my help,
  Knowing I will heed his call.

True friend is he whose eager voice
  Defends me when my critics' barbs are hot;
Though he may know my faults full well,
  From others hears them not.

Truest friend is he who firmly chides
  When sullen anger is allowed to rule,
Or gently shows me my mistake
  When I have played the fool.

Morley D. Cameron, '10.

ART NOTES

By Adah P. Knight, '09

Copley Gallery

It was raining, and a cold wind was blowing. Boston town was in her gray gown on the day we went to see the paintings by Augustus Koopman. In the twinkling of an eye we were translated to the sunny sands of Italy. "The Beach and the Canal," "Boats," "Bathing," "The Windy Day"—all show us Chioggia in jolly color and dashing style. "The Fete," "The Landing Place," and "The Old Palace" are pictures of Venice.

Mr. Koopman is an American who has lived abroad nearly all his life. He studied at the Beaux Arts, married an American girl, and has painted in Italy for some years. His daughter Ellen appears in many of the scenes. The little sketches in the white frames are $25 apiece, while the large picture, "The Crystal Gazers," is $4,000. The little sketches seem to me particularly happy, for in the larger pictures it becomes so apparent that Mr. Koopman did not study anatomy with Mr. Munsell!

There is also in the Copley Gallery a collection of Laura Hill's miniatures, some of which were so well reproduced in the studio lately. They show the rare quality of breadth which is so seldom found in miniatures, and the color is most delightful.

At the Art Club is shown the annual prize contest of the Photo Era Magazine. The large number of photographs are an indication of great progress and interest along this line. Many of the pictures are the recreation of professional men, and they are very beautiful as studies of tone values. The prize winners are ranged along the right wall above the moulding: "The Vanderbilt Cup," "Study of Head and Hair," "The Fairies' Harbor," "Along the River Front," and "An Old English Castle." There are very fine compositions among these pictures, which should certainly prove helpful.

ST. GAUDENS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

A memorial exhibition of the work of Augustus St. Gaudens was

put on view in the atrium of the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, on December 15. This exhibition was undertaken by the American Institute of Architects, and arranged with excellent taste and success by Glenn Brown, assisted by Mrs. St. Gaudens. Short addresses were made at the opening by the secretary of state and the embassadors of Italy, France, Brazil, Great Britain, and Japan.

The following tribute by Glenn Brown appears in the catalogue prepared for the exhibition:—

"Augustus St. Gaudens, the great artist of the age, was a charming companion, true friend, and a citizen leading to ideal life. His affable manner, quiet humor, quick appreciation, broad culture, and perfect taste made his companionship sought and enjoyed. A sympathetic, candid nature and high aspirations made his friendship earnestly desired. His unselfish assistance to committees, institutions, and the government has been a guiding factor toward purity of taste and nobility of life.

"His thorough equipment, sincerity of purpose, grasp of composition, knowledge of detail, understanding of mass, natural genius, brilliant imagination, and poetic nature, combined with infinite patience, untiring energy, and effacement of self, have produced the greatest sculpture of the age.

"His artistic light shines in low relief and bold monumental composition. The relief portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Justice Gray are exquisitely delicate, harmonious, restful, dignified, and beautiful. Portrait busts have attained new dignity in his hands. The busts of John Hay and David J. Hill, while full of repose and individual expression, possess high sculptural merit.

"He has made single figures impressive, something rarely accomplished. 'The Puritan,' a work of art in line and pose, vividly typifies the honest, untiring, unbending energy of the Reformation. Farragut stands alert, prepared for any emergency, serious—as the destiny of the fleet depends upon his action—commanding, endowed with life and art. Lincoln, a hopeless model in the hands of other sculptors, is a great work of art as depicted by the mind and wrought by the hand of St. Gaudens. Lincoln's kindly nature, brotherly love, honesty of purpose, clear and far-seeing vision, grave with the destiny of the nation, firm

in the salvation of the Union, are shown in this wonderful piece of portrait sculpture.

"Our admiration of St. Gaudens' genius reaches the highest point when we study his great compositions, with their wonderful restrained movement full of life, yet dignified and statuesque, natural, yet glowing with imagination, poetry, and inspiration. The Shaw Memorial is a great composition in relief, ideal in its sense of movement, natural in its depiction of types, and imaginative in its expression of sentiment. A spiritual figure which inspires the group to deeds of bravery and self-renunciation makes this memorial a brilliant and satisfactory combination of the ideal and the real. The Sherman statue, guided by the spirit of victory and peace, vividly portrays the sense of motion—positive, resistless, forward motion. It is one of the great compositions of the world, full of realism, imagination, and poetry—graceful in all its lines, dignified and imposing, restrained and beautiful.

"It is fitting that St. Gaudens, one of the immortals, should have conceived the poetic, mysterious, and elevating figure of immortality which rests calmly forevermore in Rock Creek cemetery, an expression of his genius, imagination, poetry, and eternal fame."

The Merry Widow Hat

Why use a background for bust portraits of women while the "Merry Widow" hat is in vogue? The small, inexpensive hats are as rare this season as were the English exhibitors at the last London Photographic Salon; which means that but few photographers will have enough money left to buy a background—hats are necessities, while studio-fixtures are of but secondary importance. But why not use the hat itself? It answers admirably. Many are now so large that they isolate the head so completely as to draw the attention to the contour of the face beneath in a way which no ordinary background would do. Obtrusive details on the ordinary wall, which is often used as a background, are easily and almost entirely obliterated by the "Merry Widow." A look in the ground-glass, after the model has been posed, will show small spaces between the hat and shoulders, and perhaps another above the hat in front. These may be given a neutral tone by pinning pieces of wrapping-paper to the wall back of the sitter, when the preparatory arrangements are quite complete. The "Merry Widow" may justly be considered a "valuable" studio accessory.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new."—*Susan Coolidge*.

ALUMNI NOTES

Laura Marie Marceau, 8 Madison Street, Somerville.

On Friday evening, February 12, at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, a reception will be tendered by its board of visitors and the alumni of the school to George Hartnell Bartlett, in recognition of his thirty-five years' continuous service to the school. Beginning in 1873, he served ten years as instructor, and since then as its principal.

A few of the M. N. A. S. 1906 class books left. If you wish one, send forty cents to Frank Gracey, Amherst, Mass.

Miss Katherine D. Whitman, class of 1890, of Andover, is a successful speaker before women's clubs, as well as a successful supervisor of drawing.

An institute for the promotion of manual arts will be held at the Massachusetts Normal Art School January 22, under the auspices of the State Board of Education and the Alumni Association of the school.

Miss Annie F. Rogers, '06, is teaching music and drawing at Collinsville, Conn.

Miss Lena Andrews, '03, is supervising in Dalton, Mass.; Miss Mary F. Stickney, '02, in Concord, Mass.; Miss Jennie F. Stratton, '00, in North Andover, Mass.; Miss Persis A. Crowell in Attleboro, Mass.

Edward Newell, the new director of drawing, Springfield, Mass., has among his new assistants Miss Harriet B. Whitaker, formerly of Natick, a graduate of Wellesley College, and a draftsman of unusual ability.

Miss Madeline Noble, '05, is supervisor of drawing in Longmeadow, East Longmeadow, Hampden, and Wilbraham. The public library at East Longmeadow exhibits every month the best drawings made by the public school children.

Miss Lottie J. Burr, '00, has succeeded Miss Lucile Gravestein, '05, as supervisor of drawing in Barre, Hardwick, and Petersham, Mass.

Miss Pauline Patch supervises in Chester, Middlefield, and Washington.

We wish our readers a Happy New Year.

Some part of the day after Christmas might well be devoted to taking a more careful account of the gifts which have come to us than the hurry and festivity of Christmas day allow. There are the tangible evidences that we have been remembered—some of them just what we wanted, some of them, perhaps, not wholly to our taste. But let us weigh them fairly; nay, better than that, let us study to make the very best of them in all respects. But when we have admired and made the very most of these material things, we are only at the beginning. There is the thought which has been put into the selection, though not always instructed, but with an element of real affection and consideration. Is that to be passed over lightly, as a thing of little value? How much would life be worth if it were robbed of this halo of affection which surrounds every man, as if he were, after all, a saint, at least to a few of his fellow-mortals? What are they worth to us, and what would our life look like if it were all at once deprived of their sustaining and joy-giving presence? There are many memories. Why not select our company among them and live with the higher thoughts and joys? And if we do so choose and so consider, we shall find these memories of gifts and affections, as they grow more intimate and dear, leading us up to the love which gave the Child of Bethlehem that He might be our life companion and that we might be the sharers of His loving work for men.

The cover design for this month was drawn by Harold C. Cue, of Mr. Major's studio. The cover of December was by Alice E. Hunt, of the Design Class.

"Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy."

"Perseverance"

Should thy task be long and trying,
  Should thy stoutest efforts fail,
Spend not time in useless sighing
  If thy strivings naught avail.
Rise, and making fresh endeavor,
  Upward look and onward press,
Fainting not and yielding never,
  Perseverance brings success.

Should thy life be filled with sadness,
  Shadows darken all thy day,
Care and sorrow quenching gladness,
  Fall like clouds along thy way,
Still for thee the sun is shining,
  Upward look and onward press,
Courage take—no more repining,
  Perseverance brings success.

When thy heart hath gained its treasure,
  When the vict'ry hath been won,
Then thy pain will turn to pleasure,
  Greatest joy is labor done.
God Himself with love supernal
  Will thy life with beauty bless,
Leading thee to bliss eternal,
  Perseverance brings success.

Elizabeth Sherinyan, '11.

The sudden death of Miss Elizabeth Farley on January 5 came as a great shock to her classmates. Miss Farley was a member of the Design Class, and would have graduated in 1910. We, the pupils of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, wish to tender our deepest sympathy to her family in its bereavement.

"To dare to avow himself is a painter's greatest strength."

SENIORS: That as we enter in this new life, we will show of what kind of material we are made, and a life that will need all the knowledge we have gained in this school, as we follow our chosen professions.

JUNIORS: That as we continue our work, we have grasped the fundamentals of our training, we appreciate our instructions, and are capable of understanding the whys and wherefores much more than ever before.

SOPHOMORES: That as we are beginning to grasp the principles that our instructors are giving us, that our work will be the hardest from now on. "Work" must be our motto.

FRESHMEN: That we have a hard task. Our heart must be thoroughly in our work, and we must have some definite profession in mind, and strive for that goal.

SCHOOL NOTES

"Junior Prom."

Freshmen: This is your first year in M. N. A. S. Get into the social life of the school!

Sophomores: Come and obtain some ideas for next year.

Juniors: This is your dance—support it. Do not leave it to others.

Seniors: You will soon be alumni. Do not miss any of the remaining social events.

You are ALL cordially invited to join with the Juniors in having a good time on the evening of February 4.

Clara M. Gale **1909** Daniel R. Stewart

You are now on the home stretch. Beat it!

Don't forget! Save your money for the auction sale.

Class C has a new man on the beat. (Look out for Cain.)

Hoot, mon! Florence had him by the neck Oh!!!!!—(Heron.)

Mr. Loring enjoyed a trip to Canada during Christmas vacation, and some of the girls enjoyed post cards from there.

"Laugh and the Public School Class laughs with you. Work and you work alone."

There has been a new fish course added to Miss Bailey's studio. Although it isn't quite Lent, the smoked herring lent a new atmosphere to the studio.

"Go on and coax and coax me"—E. A. Fox.

Well, it was about Randel, anyhow.

Ruth B. Weber **1910** Aldro T. Hibbard

Did you all make resolutions?
Answer: Yes.
Are you going to keep those resolutions?
Answer: No!!!

Come in, Ruth, the water's fine. Ask "Gert."

It's "toe bad," Miss Woodbury.

Scene: Top floor.
Time: Well, all the time.
A fair damsel leans o'er the rail. "Sweety," she cries.

Curtain.

Note—Where is her wandering boy?

"Genius is eternal patience.—*Michael Angelo.*

Under the eaves of Major's studio is an Eveless Eden.

Elisabeth B. Warren **1911** Otis A. Philbrick

E.: "What are you looking at, K.?"

K. (much interested in a Freshman eating soup): "I'm watching the train enter the tunnel. Wonder what would happen if it missed it?"

E.: "Probably a wash-out on the line."

In perspective lecture:—

Wild Voice: "Where's the sun? Where's the sun?"

Calm One: "In the sky."

Wrong again! It's on the blackboard.

Don't ever send any of Mr. Hamilton's pupils to the store to match ribbon. They can't do it.

Miss W—ld—r— (picking up a composition): "Oh, I like that! That little hut looks so cozy."

And the subject of the composition was: "The Entombment."

Charlotte A. Ryan **1912** Bertha L. Dunbar

Mr. Parker affirms that a perambulator is a cross between a movable tea table and an alligator. It is eaten with an oyster fork, served with sauce, and usually comes after third course!

Miss Bailey thinks that Algie is "too delicate"! If she could have seen the pantomime he did for Miss Hathaway and hear some of his gentle chatter, would she still think so?

Now that some of Mr. C.'s studio have design(s), there have been heart-rending separations, but, oh, the reunions in the hall!

Speaking of halls, what material Vesta Victoria would have for a new song hit entitled "Andreas on the Stair"!

Miss Badger (perceiving Mr. Packard in the dim distance): "I don't like that smile, somehow."

We wonder if Mr. C.'s pair of Christmas gloves was the key to the combinations! At any rate, they have been conspicuous by their absence lately.

What is the matter with the pupils in Mr. Andrew's studio? Isn't there anything going on there? We never get notes from them.

Tin pail brigade has started.

"Our to-days and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build."

Clara P. Chase, '09

"Greatly begin; though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime.
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

How are the New Year's resolutions? Are we making room for the good habits?

From the collection of exchanges we note that nearly every copy this month contains a literary sketch or biography. Such articles are an attractive feature of any magazine.

The Andrew College Journal (Georgia) gives an account of Joel Chandler Harris. We enjoyed the spirit of loving loyalty shown in this sketch of Georgia's noted author. Bringing to our memories the life histories of great and good people serves as an incentive to greater effort in our own living. The paper also contained a most interesting story; and we would have been greatly disappointed had it not ended just as it did.

The Christmas cover for the Garnet and Blue was very pretty

It was a charming little story in the Mansfield Collegian—"The Christmas Violet." And the article on old English literature was worthy of note.

We acknowledge a most interesting number of the University Beacon. The article on "American Poetry of To-day" opens up a widening field. We know the writings and biographies of authors of the past. Do we know equally well the poets and authors of the present?

The Educational Column of the Picket is an attractive department of that paper.

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